Journal Entry #1

(Matilda)

I can’t believe Polly is dead. Everyone wondered why she was late to the coffeehouse this morning. It really isn’t unusual for her to be sticking her nose where it doesn’t belong and then show up late. However, this morning she was extremely late. It wasn’t until Mother went looking for her were we informed that she had died. They said she shook with fever for a little while, cried once, and then died. No one really knows what happened.

Now there is talk in town about a fever spreading. I just can’t stand the thought of an epidemic. What will happen to us? What will become of the coffeehouse? I hope the rumor isn’t true, for I fear for what is to come.

Journal Entry #2

(Matilda)

I knew this was a bad idea from the beginning. Mother insisted that Grandfather and I leave town and go stay with the Ludington’s until the epidemic was over. I wanted to stay and take care of her. Now here we are, stranded. The “town council” of Pembroke refused to let us enter their town, because Grandfather is suspected of having the fever. I am not so sure, myself. Maybe he’s just getting old!

I am so tired. I have walked to the river and back in search of food. You should have seen my try to catch that trout with my dress! I bet that was a site to see! Too bad I did not catch that little rascal. Grandfather and I would have loved to eat him for dinner. We settled for the berries I found instead. If only we were back at the coffeehouse, Eliza could fix us something delicious to eat.

I guess it is time for me to lay my head down and get some sleep. I know I need the rest, because I will have to try to get help tomorrow. I hope Mother is faring well. Good night.

Journal Entry #3

(Matilda)

What a surprise! I woke up this afternoon to find out I was at Bush Hill. I don’t really remember much after going to fetch some food and find help. I remember being really tired and then everything going black. I thought Bush Hill was a place only for those who were close to death. Maybe I was. I did spend a few days here after contracting the fever.

I must have had angels, or something, looking out for me. I guess Mrs. Flagg had a part in that. She took care of me and nursed me back to health. Maybe she was my angel. Angel to me or not, I know Grandfather’s pretty sweet on her. I know he’s going to miss her when we go home tomorrow.